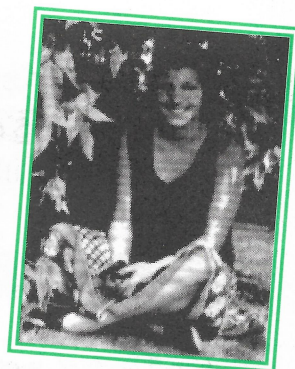


# WOW!

## It's the fit 'n' fab YS SUBS CLUB

WITH  
YOUR  
HOST

LINDA BARKER



Dearest Spec-chums,

I feel a bit damp today, Spec-chums. It hasn't stopped raining for three days and I got completely soaked walking to work this morning. I've been sitting in the Shed for two hours now – steaming! I don't think I'm ever going to be dry again. Despite the fact that it's the middle of August, I want to be curled up at home with a mug of Horlicks and a book of ghost stories. August mornings should be bright and loud with birdsong, not grey and dripping.

Anyway, that's enough moaning. At least it didn't rain when I went on my hols. I went to Norwich and did very little except spend money, cook, cycle and get electrocuted by a cow. Well, not by a cow exactly, but by the fence. I was leaning over to take a photograph of the most beautiful cow I've ever seen. It was massive with long rusty brown hair, big dark brown eyes and long horns like an Aberdeen Angus. The baby one looked like a

teddy bear with four legs – it had that kind of mussed fur. I just had to have a photograph! I put my glasses in my mouth, leaned over and tried to focus. The next thing I knew, my glasses were flying upwards glinting in the sun and I was screaming. I had absolutely no idea what had happened to me, but I was blimmin' scared! My friend said, "Did you get an electric shock?" And then I knew what had happened! My whole left side felt numb and I couldn't get back on my bike for a whole five minutes. Still, at least I got a picture. I wonder if it'll come out with all electric lines like lightening on it?

You may have noticed that we've got our new circulation figures in. Although they're down by nearly 18.5 thousand, we in the Shed know that they could be a lot worse. 40,648 is a big number and we're proud of it. (Okay, so I was secretly hoping it might be a little higher, but we all need to dream.) Did you know that if YS was a record, we'd be in the top ten every month!

Depending on how other records were selling, we could even get to number one! I wonder if we recorded a song and put it on the Mag 7 tape, whether or not it would count as a record. Hmmm! We could do it – I've got a toy piano and Dave Golder (of the Killer Column) has a drumkit in Stuart Campbell's basement. Stuart's got a bass guitar and Andy O plays lead guitar. Apparently Jon's very hot on the recorder. What a band!

I think I'll put the idea to Colin Campbell, my new publisher, tonight. He's taking all his magazines out to dinner, so he can get to know us. Actually, that's a bit of a lie cos he used to work at Future Publishing and most of us know him already. Still, it's a good enough excuse for me!

I'll sign off now, it's nearly lunchtime but I think I should forgo it so I can really enjoy this meal tonight!

Lots of love,

Linda ✨

### Competition time! (Hurrah!)

"I did laddie,  
so dinna argue."



This month's rather splendid compo could see you as the proud owner of Ocean's *Ninja Collection* (comprising *Double Dragon*, *Shadow Warriors* and *Dragon Ninja*) and US Gold's *Mega Sports*. All you have to do is look at that lovely cow (or bull, or whatever) and tell me what exactly it did! Send your answers on the back of a postcard to "What A Thing For A Cow To Do" Compo, YS Subs Club, 30 Monmouth Street, Bath, Avon BA1 2BW.

Something to do if you get extremely (extremely) bored. Part 686.5

Bubble blowing! You need one polythene pot, a liquid detergent, water and a piece of flexible wire about 9 inches long. 1. Shape one end of the wire into a circle and the other into a loop for holding. 2. Put three dessertspoonsful of liquid soap and one of water into the pot. 3. Dip the circle of wire into this so that a film of liquid covers it. Blow gently until a bubble floats away.

### The luckiest man alive!

That's this month's lucky compo winner – come on down **Matthew Sadler** of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire.

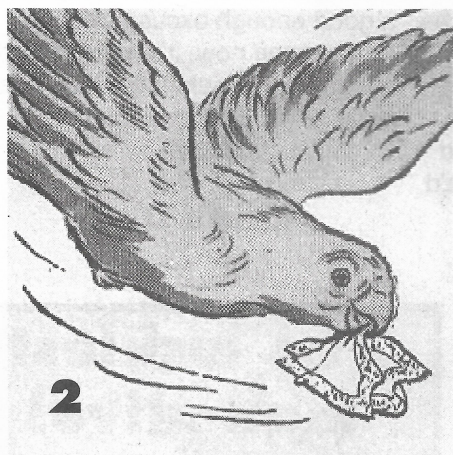
Matthew's answer was the most witty and succinct, as Jon said – it goes straight to the point. And would all you losers like to know what it was? Well, get ready to groan... "Alas poor Dizzy, I knew him well." We'll ignore the fact that Matthew has been fooled by the greatest misquote of all time and give him the prize. (Even though it should read "Alas, poor Dizzy. I knew him, Horatio," cos Hamlet is, at this point, talking to Mr Nice Guy Horatio.) (*Shut up, little Miss Know-It-All! The rest of the Shed.*) Oh, okay – it's the end of the box anyway.



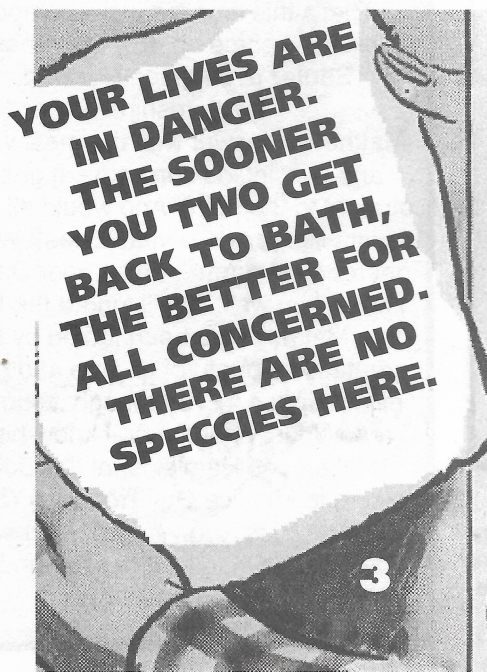
Were your summer hols exciting? Did you have many adventures? To satisfy those who didn't, Mr Disguised introduces a tale of suspense and beef...



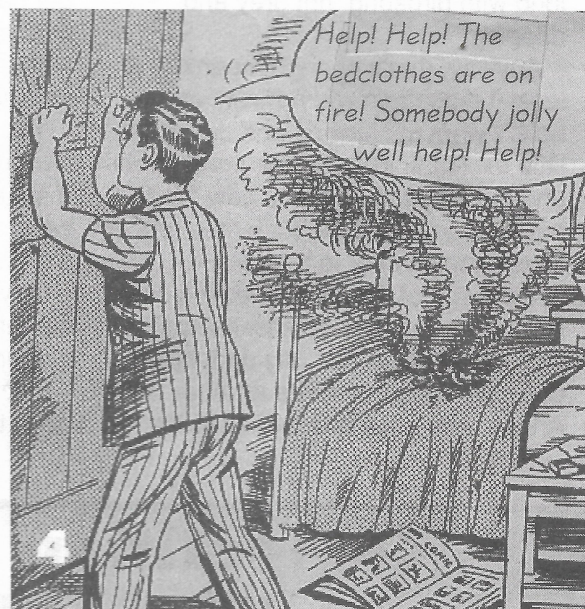
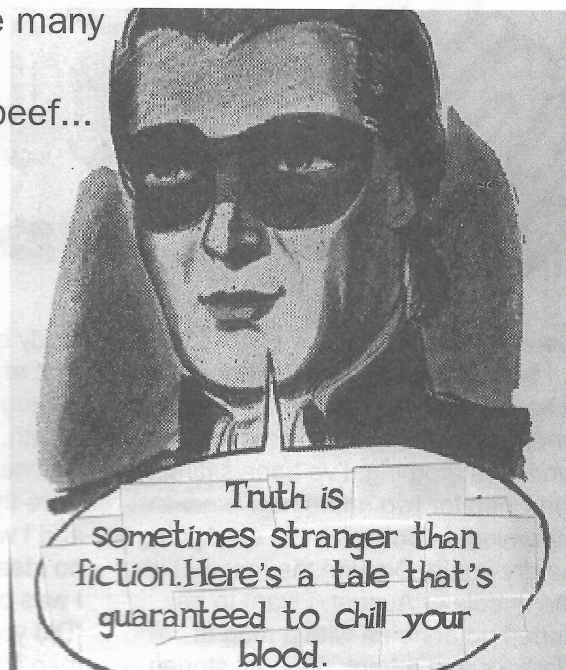
One week, when all was quiet on the Shed front, Jon and Linda decided to do a bit of research into the as-yet-untapped Spectrum market of the inner Hebrides. Jon suddenly noticed a footprint on an isolated crag of rock. He borrowed Linda's handkerchief to dust off the surrounding dirt. As he lent forward, a gust of wind snatched the handkerchief from his hand.



A strange, yet familiar, bird flew above their heads. In its beak, it held Linda's handkerchief. With a squawk, it dropped its load onto the springy turf below. Jon rushed forward to pick it up. What a surprise he got!



How strange! There was a message written on the hanky. But who could possibly know that Jon and Linda were on the look out for Speccies? Something was definitely up. Somebody wanted the two to believe that there was no room for Your Sinclair around those parts. Puzzled, the two retired to their guest house.



That night, Jon awoke to the smell of burning. Suddenly he noticed that the duvet was belching smoke. He was shocked. In an instant, he was up and clamouring to be rescued. Luckily, the door wasn't locked and he soon reached the safety of the kitchen where he partook of ginger fizz and cold beef tart.

Linda found him in the kitchen two hours later, surrounded by empty bottles and dishes. Unfortunately, there was no time to continue yesterday's adventure - Andy O had called from the Shed and ordered them back immediately. It was an emergency! As they were walking to the station, Linda noticed that the postman had three copies of that month's YS in his bag. So people did have Speccies around here. Linda shrugged, there were some strange people around.